

# BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by **CYRIL McNEILE**  
"SAPPER"  
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CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"What," Lakington asked curiously, "does he think you are?"

"A charming young girl," answered Irma demurely, "whose father lost his life in the war, and who at present ekes out a precarious existence in a government office. At least, that's what he told Lady Frumpley—she's the woman of unassailable virtue. She was profoundly sentimental and scents a romance; in addition to being a snob and scenting a future duke, to say nothing of a future duchess. By the mercy of Allah she's on a committee with his mother for distributing brown paper underclothes to destitute Belgians, and so Freddie wanted an invite for her. Voila tout."

"Splendid," said Lakington slowly. "Splendid. Young Lady comes of age in about a week, doesn't he?"

"Monday, to be exact; and so I go down with my dear aunt on Saturday."

Lakington nodded his head as if satisfied, and then glanced at his watch.

"What about bed?" he remarked.

"Not yet," said Peterson, halting suddenly in his walk. "I must see the Yank before I go to Paris. We'll have him down here now. Give him an injection, Henry—and, by God, we'll make the fool sign. Then I can actually take it over to the meeting with me."

He strode to the door, followed by Lakington; and the girl in the chair stood up and stretched her arms above her head. For a moment or two Hugh watched her; then he, too, stood up-right and eased his cramped limbs.

"Make the fool sign," The words echoed through his brain, and he stared thoughtfully at the grey light which showed the approach of dawn. What was the best thing to do? "Make" with Peterson generally implied torture, if other means failed, and Hugh had no intention of watching any man tortured. At the same time something of the nature of the diabolical plot conceived by Peterson was beginning to take a definite shape in his mind, though many of the most important links were still missing.

And with this knowledge had come the realization that he was no longer a free agent. The thing had ceased to be a mere sporting gamble with himself and a few other chosen spirits matched against a gang of criminals; it had become—if his surmise was correct—a national affair. England herself—her very existence—was threatened by one of the vilest plots ever dreamed of in the brain of man.

And then, with a sudden rage at his own impotence, he realized that even now he had nothing definite to go on. He must know more; somehow or other he must get to Paris; he must attend that meeting at the Ritz. Then a sound from the room below brought him back to his vantage point. The American was sitting in a chair, and Lakington, with a hypodermic syringe in his hand, was holding his arm.

He made the injection, and Hugh watched the millionaire. He was still undecided as to how to act, but for the moment, at any rate, there was nothing to be done. And he was very curious to hear what Peterson had to say to the wretched man, who, up to date, had figured so largely in every round.

After a while the American ceased staring vacantly in front of him, and passed his hand dazedly over his forehead. Then he half rose from his chair and stared at the two men sitting facing him. His eyes came round to the girl, and with a groan he sank back again, plucking feebly with his hands at his dressing gown.

"Better, Mr. Potts?" said Peterson, suavely.

"I—I—" stammered the other. "Where am I?"

"At The Ritz, Godalming, if you wish to know."

"I thought—I thought—" He rose awaking. "What do you want with me? D—n you!"

"Tush, tush," murmured Peterson. "There is a lady present, Mr. Potts. And our wants are so simple. Just your signature to a little agreement, by which in return for certain services you promise to join us in our—er—labors in the near future."

"I remember," cried the millionaire. "Now I remember. You swine—you filthy swine, I refuse . . . absolutely."

"The trouble is, my friend, that you are altogether too big an employer of labor to be allowed to refuse, as I pointed out to you before. You must be in with us, otherwise you might wreck the scheme. Therefore I require your signature."

"And when you've got it," cried the American, "what good will it be to you. I shall repudiate it."

"Oh! no, Mr. Potts," said Peterson with a thoughtful smile; "I can assure you, you won't. The distressing malady from which you have recently been

suffering will again have you in its grip. It renders you quite unfit for business."

For a while there was silence, and the millionaire stared round the room like a trapped animal.

"I refuse!" he cried at last. "It's an outrage against humanity. You can do what you like."

"Then we'll start with a little more thumbscrew," remarked Peterson, strolling over to the desk and opening a drawer. "An astonishingly effective implement, as you can see if you look at your thumb." He stood in front of the quivering man, balancing the instrument in his hands. "It was under its influence you gave us the first signature, which we so regretfully lost. I think we'll try it again."

The American gave a strangled cry of terror, and then the unexpected happened. There was a crash as a pane of glass splintered and fell to the floor close beside Lakington; and with an oath he sprang aside and looked up. "Peep-bo," came a well-known voice from the skylight. "Clip him one over the jaw, Potts, my boy; but don't you sign."

## CHAPTER VIII.

In Which He Goes to Paris for a Night.

## ONE.

Drummond had acted on the spur of the moment. It would have been manifestly impossible for any man, certainly one of his caliber, to have watched the American being tortured without doing something to try to help him. At the same time the last thing he had wanted to do was to give away his presence on the roof. The information he had obtained that night was of such vital importance that it was absolutely essential for him to get away with it somehow; and, at the moment, his chances of so doing did not appear particularly bright. It looked as if it was only a question of time before they must get him.

He watched Lakington dart from the room, followed more slowly by Peterson, and then occurred one of those strokes of luck on which the incorrigible soldier always depended. The girl left the room as well.

She kissed her hand toward him, and then she smiled.

"You intrigue me, ugly one," she remarked, looking up. "Intrigue me vastly. I am now going out to get a really good view of the Ritz."

And the next moment Potts was alone. He was staring up at the skylight, apparently bewildered by the



"I Am Now Going Over to Get a Really Good View of the Ritz."

sudden turn of events, and then he heard the voice of the man above speaking clearly and insistently.

"Go out of the room. Turn to the right. Open the front door. You'll see a house, through some trees. Go to it. When you get there, stand on the lawn and call 'Phyllis.' Do you get me?"

The American nodded dazedly; then he made a great effort to pull himself together, as the voice continued:

"Go at once. It's your only chance. Tell her I'm on the roof here."

With a sigh of relief he saw the millionaire leave the room; then he straightened himself up, and proceeded to reconnoiter his own position. There was a bare chance that the American would get through, and if he did, everything might yet be well. If he didn't—Hugh shrugged his shoulders grimly and laughed.

It had become quite light, and after

a moment's indecision Drummond took a running jump, and caught the ridge of the sloping roof on the side nearest the road. From where he was he could not see The Larches, and so he did not know what luck the American had had. But he realized that it was long odds against his getting through, and that his chief hope lay in himself. It occurred to him that far too few unbiased people knew where he was; it further occurred to him that it was a state of affairs which was likely to continue unless he remedied it himself. And so, just as Peterson came strolling around a corner of the house followed by several men and a long ladder, Hugh commenced to sing. He shouted, he roared at the top of his very powerful voice, and all the time he watched the men below with a wary eye.

It was just as two laborers came in to investigate the hideous din that Peterson's party discovered the ladder was too short by several yards.

Then with great rapidity the audience grew. A passing milkman; two commercial travelers, a gentleman of slightly inebriated aspect; whose trousers left much to the imagination; and finally more farm laborers. Never had such a tri-bi of gossip for the local alehouse been seen in the neighborhood; it would furnish a topic of conversation for weeks to come. And still Hugh sang and Peterson cursed; and still the audience grew. Then, at last, there came the police with notebook all complete, and the singer stopped singing to laugh.

The next moment the laugh froze on his lips. Standing by the skylight, with his revolver raised, was Lakington, and Hugh knew by the expression of his face that his finger was trembling on the trigger. Out of view of the crowd below he did not know of its existence, and, in a flash, Hugh realized his danger.

"Good morning, Henry," he said quietly. "I wouldn't fire if I were you. We are observed, as they say in melodrama. If you don't believe me," his voice grew a little tense, "just wait while I talk to Peterson, who is at present deep in converse with the village constable and several farm laborers."

It is doubtful whether any action in Hugh Drummond's life ever cost him such an effort of will as the turning of his back on the man standing two yards below him, but he did it apparently without thought. He gave one last glance at the face convulsed with rage, and then with a smile he looked down at the crowd below.

"Peterson," he called out affably, "there's a pal of yours up here—dear old Henry. And he's very annoyed at my concert. Would you just speak to him, or would you like me to be more explicit? He is so annoyed that there might be an accident at any moment, and I see that the police have arrived. So—er—"

Even at that distance he could see Peterson's eyes of fury, and he chuckled softly to himself. But when the leader spoke, his voice was as suave as ever; the eternal cigar glowed evenly at its normal rate.

"Are you up on the roof, Lakington?" The words came clearly through the still summer air.

"Your turn, Henry," said Drummond. "Prompter's voice off—yes, dear Peterson, I am here, even upon the roof, with a liver of hideous aspect."

With a mighty effort Lakington controlled himself, and his voice, when he answered, was calm.

"Yes, I'm here. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," cried Peterson, "but we've got quite a large and appreciative audience down here, attracted by our friend's charming concert, and I've just sent for a large ladder by which he can come down and join us. So there is nothing that you can do—nothing." He repeated the word with a faint emphasis, and Hugh smiled genially.

"I'm interested in quite a number of things, Captain Drummond," said Lakington slowly, "but they all count as nothing beside one—getting even with you. And when I do . . ." He dropped the revolver into his coat pocket, and stood motionless, staring at the soldier.

The next instant he opened a door in the skylight which Hugh had failed to discover during the night, and, climbing down a ladder inside the room, disappeared from view.

"Hullo, old bean!" A cheerful shout from the ground made Hugh look down. There, ranged round Peterson, in an effective group, were Peter Darrell, Algy Longworth, and Jerry Seymour. "Bird's-nest!"

"Peter, old son," cried Hugh joyfully, "I never thought the day would come when I should be pleased to see your face, but it has!"

"Ted and his pal, Hugh, have toddled off in your car," said Peter, "so that only leaves us four and Toby."

For a moment Hugh stared at him blankly, while he did some rapid mental arithmetic. He even neglected to descend at once by the ladder which had at last been placed in position. "Ted and us four and Toby" made six—and six was the strength of the party as it had arrived. Adding the pal made seven; so who the deuce was the pal?

The matter was settled just as he reached the ground. Lakington, wild-eyed and almost incoherent, rushed from the house, and, drawing Peterson on one side, spoke rapidly in a whisper.

"It's all right," muttered Algy rapidly. "They're half-way to London by now, and going like h— if I know Ted."

It was then that Hugh started to laugh. He laughed till the tears poured down his face, and Peterson's livid face of fury made him laugh still more.

"Oh you priceless pair!" he sobbed. "Right under your bally noses. Stole

away! Yocks!" There was another interlude for further hilarity. "Give it up, you two old dears, and take to knitting. Well, au revoir. Doubtless we shall meet again quite soon. And, above all, Carl, don't do anything in Paris which you would be ashamed of my knowing."

With a friendly wave he turned on his heel and strolled off, followed by the other three. The humor of the situation was irresistible; the absolute powerlessness of the whole assembled gang to lift a finger to stop them in front of the audience, which as yet showed no signs of departing, tickled him to death. In fact, the last thing Hugh saw, before a corner of the house hid them from sight, was the majesty of the law moistening his indelible pencil in the time-honored method, and advancing on Peterson with his notebook at the ready.

"One brief interlude, my dear old warriors," announced Hugh; "and then we must get gay. Where's Toby?"

"Having his breakfast with your girl," chuckled Algy. "We thought



With Her Hands on His Coat and Her Big Eyes Misted With Her Fears for Him, She Begged Him to Give It All Up.

we'd better leave someone on guard, and she seemed to love him best."

"Repulsive hound!" cried Hugh. "Incidentally, boys, how did you manage to roll up this morning?"

"We all bedded down at your girl's place last night," said Peter. "And then this morning, who should come and sing carols outside but our one and only Potts. Then we heard your deafening din on the roof, and blew along."

## TWO.

"Go away," said Toby, looking up as the door opened and Hugh strolled in. "Your presence is unnecessary and uncalled for, and we're not pleased. Are we, Miss Benton?"

"Can you bear him, Phyllis?" remarked Hugh, with a grin. "I mean lying about the house all day?"

"What's the notion, old son?" Toby Sinclair stood up, looking slightly puzzled.

"I want you to stop here, Toby," said Hugh, "and not let Miss Benton out of your sight. Also keep your eye skinned on The Elms, and let me know by phone to Half Moon street anything that happens. Do you get me?"

"I get you," answered the other. "With a resigned sigh he rose and walked to the door."

"I've got five minutes, little girl," whispered Hugh, taking her into his arms as the door closed. "Five minutes of heaven. . . . By Jove! But you look great—simply great."

The girl smiled at him.

"Tell me what's happened, boy," she said eagerly.

"Quite a crowded night," With a reminiscent smile he lit a cigarette. And then quite briefly he told her of the events of the past twelve hours, being, as is the manner of a sweet, more interested in watching the sweet color which stained her cheeks from time to time, and not letting her quickened breathing when he told her of his fight with the gorilla, and his ascent of the murderous staircase.

When he had finished, and pitched the stump of his cigarette into the grate, falteringly she tried to dissuade him. With her hands on his coat and her big eyes misty with her fears for him, she begged him to give it all up. And even as she spoke, she glowed in the fact that she knew it was quite useless. Which made her plead all the harder, as is the way of a woman with her man.

Then, quite suddenly, he bent and kissed her.

"I must go, little girl," he whispered. "I've got to be in Paris tonight. Take care of yourself."

The next moment he was gone.

## THREE.

"Have you got him all right, Ted?" Hugh fung the question eagerly at Ted Jerrold, who was lounging in a chair at Half Moon street, with his feet on the mantelpiece.

"I've got him right enough," answered that worthy. "but he doesn't strike me as being Under One Value. He's gone off the boil. Becomes quite gurgly again."

"H—I!" said Hugh. "I thought we might get something out of him. I'll go and have a look at the blue."

He left the room, and went along the passage to inspect the American. Unfortunately Jerrold was only too right: The effects of last night's injection had worn off completely, and the wretched man was sitting motionless in a chair, staring dazedly in front of him.

Thoughtfully Hugh stood in front of the millionaire, trying in vain to catch some gleam of sense in the vacant eyes.

"What luck?" Jerrold looked up as he came back into the other room. "Dam! all, as they say in the vernacular. Have you blighters finished the beer?"

"Probably," remarked Peter Darrell. "What's the program now?"

Hugh examined the head on his glass with a professional eye before replying.

"Two things," he murmured at length, "fairly leap to the eye. The first is to get Potts away to a place of safety; the second is to get over to Paris."

"Well, let's get gay over the first, as a kick-off," said Jerrold, rising. "There's a car outside the door; there is England at our disposal. We'll take him away; you pad the hoof to Victoria and catch the boat-train."

"It sounds too easy," remarked Hugh. "Have a look out of the window, Ted, and you'll see a man frantically busy doing nothing not far from the door. You will also see a racing car just across the street. Put a wet compress on your head, and connect the two."

A gloomy silence settled on the assembly, to be broken by Jerry Seymour suddenly waking up with a start.

"I've got the 'stomach-ache,'" he announced proudly.

His listeners gazed at him unmoved.

"You shouldn't eat so fast," remarked Algy severely. "And you certainly oughtn't to drink that beer."

To avert the disaster he immediately consumed it himself, but Jerry was too engrossed with his brain-storm to notice.

"I've got the 'stomach-ache,'" he repeated, "and she ought to be ready by now. In fact I know she is. My last crash wasn't a bad one. What about it?"

"You mean . . . ?" said Hugh, staring at him.

"I mean," answered Jerry, "that I'll go off to the airdrome now, and get her ready. Bring Potts along in half an hour, and I'll take him to the governor's place in Norfolk. Then I'll take you over to Paris."

"Great!—simply great!" With a report like a gun Hugh hit the speaker on the back, inadvertently knocking him down. "Off you get, Jerry. By the way, how many will she hold?"

"Two beside me," spluttered the proud proprietor of the Stomach-ache. "And I wish you'd reserve your endearments for people of your own size, you great, fat, hulking monstrosity."

He reached the door with a moment to spare, and Hugh came back laughing.

"Verily—an upheaval in the grey matter," he cried, carefully refilling his glass. "Now, boys, what about Paris?"

"Is it necessary to go at all?" asked Peter.

"It wouldn't have been if the Yank had been sane," answered Drummond. "As it is, I guess I've got to. Now listen—all of you. Ted—off you go, and raise a complete waiter's outfit, dicky and all complete. Peter—you come with me to the airdrome, and afterward look up Mullings, at 13 Green street, Hoxton, and tell him to get in touch with at least fifty demobilized soldiers who are on for a scrap. Algy—you hold the fort here, and don't get drunk on my ale. Peter will join you, when he's finished with Mullings, and he's not to get drunk, either. Are you all on?"

Ten minutes later he was at the wheel of his car with Darrell and the millionaire behind. But Hugh seemed in no great hurry to start. A whimsical smile was on his face, as out of the corner of his eye he watched the man who had been busy doing nothing feverishly trying to crank his car, which, after the manner of the brutes, had seized that moment to jib.

Still smiling, Hugh got out and walked up to the perspiring driver.

"A warm day," he murmured. "Don't hurry; we'll wait for you."

Then, while the man, utterly taken aback, stared at him speechlessly, he stroled back to his own car.

"Hugh—you're mad, quite mad," said Peter resignedly, as with a spluttering roar the other car started, but Hugh still smiled. On the way to the airdrome he stopped twice after a block in the traffic to make quite sure that the pursuer should have no chance of losing him, and, by the time they were clear of the traffic and spinning toward their destination, the gentleman in the car behind fully agreed with Darrell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Great Minds Linked With Geneva.

Geneva and its lake early became the mecca of leaders in science and literature. Voltaire, Mme. de Staël, Georges Sand, Dumas, Daudet and Byron, Gibbon, Dickens, Ruskin, Frances Havergal, Sismond, De Saure, Amiel—a veritable parade of illustrious poets, novelists, essayists, philosophers and scientists—have linked their names forever with that fair city and its environs.

## Seconded.

Correspondent opines that some lessons in efficiency are needed by our legislators—they make, he says, so many unnecessary motions.—Boston Transcript.

## At the Beautiful Gate

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFE  
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TEXT—A certain man came from his mother's womb . . . asked an alms—Acts 3:1-11.

The history of the healing of this lame man gives us a striking illustration of the way of salvation for all men.

In verse two it is said the man was born lame. He had known nothing, except his lameness. That was not the result of something he had lost, but the absence of something he never had. Jesus

says man's great need is not recovery of something he has lost, but a new birth. "Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God." John 3:3, 5. It is not that men become lost but that they are lost. Just as the lame man was born in his lame condition so the unsaved have been born in a lost condition. To have that condition changed there must be a new birth, a second birth. The idea of a second birth naturally astonished Nicodemus for he asked, "How can a man be born again? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born?" John 3:4. The story of the lame man shows how.

In verse three it is said he asked an alms. He was asking merely for temporary aid, not for permanent deliverance from his condition. So the unsaved when first awakened do not think of the new birth, but merely some help for a sinful habit or manner of living. But underneath the habit or manner of life lies the unseen cause of the wrong they see. That unseen cause is their condition by nature.

In verse five it is said the lame man "gave heed" to the words Peter addressed to him. "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God." Rom. 10:19. It is by the word of God the new birth comes. "Being born again, not with corruptible seed but by incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth forever." I Pet. 1:23. "Of His own will begat He us by the Word of Truth." Jas. 1:18. When a man will give heed to what the word of God says, he is well on the way to the new birth.

In verses seven and eight we are told the man was immediately and perfectly healed. There was no period of probation. His "giving heed" to the word spoken was proof of his readiness to obey. When told to rise up and walk, to do what he had never done and what his life-long experience taught him was impossible for him to do, he started to obey and found he had the power.

All the unsaved man has to do is to lay aside every hope he has had and simply yield to what the word of God says; to turn aside from all else, wholly on that word take the first step. In that first step comes the new birth—the passing from death into life. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." John 5:24.

The eighth verse says that as soon as the lame man was healed he became a worshiper. He instinctively praised God and not man. Giving credit to man robs God of His rightful due and does immense harm to the man. But the lame man turned all his praise towards the One from whom the blessing came.

The ninth verse says, "All the people saw him walking and praising God." He was witnessing publicly to his healing. The cause of so much lack of Christian experience is so much lack of Christian testimony given publicly to God. We are so afraid of being considered odd or eccentric and so afraid of being classed with some who speak vagaries that we keep still concerning what God has done for us. Keeping still we often lose much that is ours by right of the new birth. But the lame man healed was not of such; he publicly and joyously and continually gave glory to God in such fashion that the door was opened for Peter to preach a remarkable sermon to the multitude.

Lastly the healed man was an unanswerable argument for the saving grace and power of the Lord. The people knew he had been born lame, and they knew he had never walked. Now they saw him healed and made whole and could not but be astonished. They naturally would inquire how such a change had taken place, and when told they could have nothing to say against it seeing the healed man standing in their midst. In like manner the saved man should bear his testimony by his public praise to God as well as by his changed manner of life.

## Gives.

Love never receives, but profusely gives; gives, like a thoughtless prodigal its all, and trembles then lest it has done too little.—Hannah More.

## Loved.

The greatest happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved, loved for ourselves, or rather loved in spite of ourselves.—Victor Hugo.